Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde mee to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did inſence his Maieſty
Againſt the *Duke* of *Clarence*, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you doe mee ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw mee in, ſuch vile ſuſpect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhee?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a hanſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of *Gloceſter*, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſty,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.
Qu. Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to mee.
Glo. What? threat you mee with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot,

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out Diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore ſonne at *Tewxbury*.
Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King,
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Gray*,
Were factious for the Houſe of *Lankaſter*:
And *Riuers*, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint *Albons* ſlaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine: and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwicke*,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which *Ieſu* pardon)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the Crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp.
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittyfull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riu. My Lord of *Gloceſter* in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followd then our Lord, our lawfull King.
So ſhould we you if you ſhould be our King.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe;

I can